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P O E M S.

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LAURA, or, The COMPLAINT.

ODE on the POWER of MUSIC.

ADVERTISED  
The VALETUDINARIAN;

On the DEATH of his ROYAL HIGHNESS  
FREDERICK PRINCE of WALES.

By a GENTLEMAN of CAMBRIDGE.



L O N D O N.

Printed for JOHN WHISTON and BENJAMIN WHITE, at  
Boyle's Head, and W. SANDBY at the Ship, both in Fleet-Street.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. W. BARNES, 10, BLENHEIM STREET, LONDON.







## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HAT the following poems have pleased a few, gave room to hope they might please more. The COMPLAINT was occasioned by the real misfortunes of a young lady of a good family, of the most engaging accomplishments, and of beauty rivalling the most poetical description. The miseries she had, and was like to suffer from an amour fatal to her health, to her honour, and to every happy prospect in life, produced this unaffected proof of a sincere pity; which if ever we feel, it must be when beauty is in distress; when the sweetest, gentlest, and most artless sex are reduced to every shocking extremity, by the cruelty and perfidy of ours.

If regard has been at all to the manner of any particular author, it is to that of Mr. Pope; but as few can wear the habit of another with a good grace, and whatever is borrowed serves only to render

the poverty of the borrower more conspicuous, it has been endeavoured to avoid so particular an imitation, as must give an opportunity of making a parallel so much to the disadvantage on one side; for, then only to have imitated can be to our reputation, when what we return is equal to what we receive.

Language is a common property, and a similitude of thoughts naturally arises from a similitude of subjects; if therefore any sentiments or expressions should occur which bear a resemblance to his, or those of another, it is hoped that, by giving them a different air, some right may without injustice be asserted to them. To attempt thinking and saying every thing in a new manner, is a ridiculous affectation; and after such a crowd of excellent writers, if his style or sentiment can approach near the spirit of theirs, is at this time the utmost effort of the happiest genius.

With regard to imitation in general, every great master in poetry as well as painting, (though few must hope that title) whatever use he may make of the works of another, has a manner peculiar to himself. Michael Angelo transferred into his own designs the beauties of the antique; Raphael copied him, and others Raphael.

To



To have tried his skill with the two greatest poets of the last age, on a subject they seem almost to have exhausted, would have been a task dangerous to far superior abilities; nor would the ODE on the POWER of MUSIC have ever probably been wrote, had it not been at school. It was composed in blank lyrics, as an evening exercise; and although it has been much altered from the state in which it then was, the plan and story remain in some measure the same. The general subject of Music was chose to avoid a defect, if it is such, in both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden, whose principal character, St. Cecilia, is entirely lost in that of Orpheus and Timotheus.

In writing the VALETUDINARIAN, or Address to Health, a view was had to the Allegro of Milton, but without a formal parody of the several parts, or a particular imitation of the stile.

To these is added, an ELEGY on the DEATH of his late Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, reprinted from the Cambridge collection.

L A U R A ;

To have tried his skill with the two greatest poets of the last age, or a subject they seem almost to have exhausted, would have been a task dangerous to his superior abilities; nor would the One on the Power of Music have ever probably been wrote, had it not been so. It was composed in blank verse, as an evening exercise; and although it has been much altered from the state in which it then was, the plan and story remain in some measure the same. The general subject of Milton was chosen to avoid a defect, if it is such, which both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden, whose principal characters, Sec. &c. is entirely lost in that of Orpheus and Timotheus. In writing the VALLTUDINARIAN, or Address to Health, a view was had to the Allotro of Milton, but without a formal parody of the several parts, or a particular imitation of the file.

To this is added, an Epico on the Death of his late Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, reprinted from the Cambridge collection.

L A U R A :





L A U R A :

O R,

The COMPLAINT.



Y E deep embowering shades, and silent cells,

Where pensive Penitence obscurely dwells ;

Ye rugged rocks, ye streams that ever flow,

Still as my tears, and constant as my woe :

O hear me mourn ; receive a wretched maid.

Here taught by love, and here by love betray'd ;

Through all your solitary scenes I rove,

A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love,

Ah! beauteous scenes, in vain ye bloom around,

In vain ye smile, with vernal glories crown'd :

Whole

Tho'

8 L A U R A ; or,

Tho' gentle zephyrs fan your waving bowers,  
And breathe perfumes from all your opening flowers;  
Nor opening flowers, nor gentle zephyrs charm,  
Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm.  
Fade every flower, and languish every sense;  
Ye have no sweets for fallen innocence.

In blackening storms, ye lowering clouds, arise,  
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, burst the vaulted skies.  
O'er the scorch'd plains, sulphureous light'nings, roll,  
Your awful horrors sooth my tortured soul.

I'll find some darksome cave, some lonely glade,  
Where the black cypreus spreads its mournful shade;  
O'er rugged stones, where winding ivy creeps,  
Where wet with dew some grot for ever weeps;  
There shall my tears in streams incessant flow,  
There take this restless heart its fill of woe.

Or let me rove at midnight's awful hour  
Where rears its mouldering head some ancient tower;  
Where walls of old immured the virgin choir,  
Whose breasts ne'er felt, like mine, a guilty fire,

Whose



## The COMPLAINT.

9

Whose happier lives to holy deeds were given,  
Who, singing, praying, knew no wish but Heaven;  
There while o'er hollow vaults my footsteps found,  
I'll call their ghosts from every tomb around.

And now through broken arches, time-worn towers,

35

Behold, the moon her trembling splendor pours ;

I see the pale ghosts troop along the plain,

I see and hail the visionary train.

With roses crown'd, the white-rob'd virgin band

Thrice nod the head, thrice wave the lilly hand ;

40

Thrice call my name, and bid me love no more.

" Love never enters on our peaceful shore.

" Come, come away, for thee the grave hath rest,

" Here calm for ever sleeps the heart oppress'd ;

" Come, come away, to light encircled plains

45

" And bowers of bliss, where peace for ever reigns.

" Sad Penitence must teach thy soul to rise,

" And ope the gates of endless paradise."

Alas ! I rave, my thoughts tumultuous roll ;

Grief swells my heart, and guilt distracts my soul.

50

B

Now

Now frightful forms, and angry dæmons rise;

Now heavenly visions float before my eyes:

Of happy souls I view the sacred choir,

And hear th' angelic host, and golden lyre.

In fiery pomp bright seraphs quit the sky;

And wrap my soul in holy ecstasy.

Ah! feeble reason, whither would'st thou rove,

The prey of passion, and the sport of love?

Torn by remorse, sad victim of despair,

Where shall I turn, or where address my prayer?

Far as the morning's earliest beams are spread,

Or where the star of evening lifts its head;

Far as wide earth extends, or oceans roll,

Where blow the winds, or Heaven invests the pole,

In vain my fluttering soul would wing its way;

Stern Care pursues where'er the wretched stray.

Soft God of Sleep, who spreads thy peaceful reign

O'er earth, o'er heaven, and all th' extended main;

Who gives the labouring heart from woe to rest,

Who wipes the tear, and heals the wounded breast;

Say,



# The COMPLAINT. 11

Say, for what crime for ever flies from me  
 Thy oft invoc'd offended Deity?  
 Or dooms my soul in horrid dreams to mourn,  
 On racks of wild Imagination torn?  
 Why am I oft on angry billows tost,  
 Or seem to rove in dreary deserts lost?  
 Why round some rapid wheel my limbs are whirl'd,  
 Or through th' abyss in endless eddies hurl'd?  
 Day yields to day, revolving through the skies  
 The seasons change, and years on years arise;  
 But still unchanging cares these eyes must view;  
 Unchanging Guilt must e'er these steps pursue;  
 Still heave my sighs, and still my tears must flow  
 In all th' excess of unavailing woe.

Once was my boast, in native beauty bright  
 To lead the dance, and grace each festive night;  
 Amid the fair supremely fair to shine,  
 And see with conscious pride each heart was mine:  
 Where'er I turn'd, a thousand nymphs admir'd;  
 Whene'er I smil'd, a thousand swains expir'd.

Why O

B 2

I spoke,

I spoke, 'twas music dwelt upon my tongue;  
 I mov'd, a goddess, or an angel sung.  
 My careless steps in joys were taught to rove,  
 Each voice was flattery, and each look was love.  
 But soon, alas! frail beauty charms no more;  
 95 Fled with the wings of Time, those joys are o'er.  
 As some trim galley to the prosperous gales  
 Her streamers waves, and spreads her filken sails;  
 While silver oars to breathing music sweep,  
 With measur'd strokes, the gently-heaving deep;  
 100 Thus down life's stream I sail'd secure and free,  
 Nor fear'd the faithless wind, or stormy sea.  
 But now pale sorrows every grace disarm;  
 And dim with tears, these eyes no longer charm.  
 See, on my lips no more the ruby glows;  
 105 Nor warms these velvet cheeks the blooming rose.  
 Those glossy locks, whose waving tresses spread  
 O'er my fair neck, and grac'd my beauteous head;  
 Uncurl'd, unhonour'd, now dishevell'd flow  
 In all the mournful negligence of woe.

O why



# The COMPLAINT.

13

O why my limbs thus fair did Nature form ?

Why deck profuse with each attractive charm ?

Why was my soul its tender pity taught,

Each softer passion, and each generous thought ?

Hence spring my sorrows, hence with sighs I prove

115

How feeble woman, and how false is love.

I mourn in vain, in vain my tears I shed ;

Far is my false, my lov'd LORENZO fled.

For thee, false youth, was every joy resign'd,

Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of mind.

120

Are these the constant vows thy tongue profess,

When first thou clasp'd me trembling to thy breast ?

Thus swore thy lips by ocean, earth, and sky,

By Hell's dread powers, and Heaven's all-piercing eye.

Yawns not the grave for thee ? why sleeps the storm

125

To blast thy limbs, or rend thy perjur'd form ?

Ah ! still with scorn LORENZO hears my pain,

As rocks unmov'd, which brave the threatening main.

When the pale shipwreck'd pilot shall appease

With sighs the winds, with tears the rolling seas ;

130

Then

Then shall thy LAURA's prayers thy bosom move,  
 And bring thee back to honour, and to love.  
 Sure thou wert born among the mountains wild,  
 'Mid' desert woods a fierce and savage child:  
 No female breast supply'd thy infant food,  
 Nurs'd with the lyon's whelps, and tyger's brood.  
 Curse on that fatal hour thy charms were seen,  
 While yet this heart was guiltless and serene.  
 With thee, false man, I urg'd my hasty flight,  
 And dar'd the horrors of the gloomy night;  
 Nor fear'd with thee thro' plains unknown to rove,  
 Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.  
 In vain for me a parent's tears are shed,  
 And to the grave descends his hoary head.  
 When at my feet in rapturous love you lay,  
 And pour'd in tender sighs your soul away;  
 Fond foolish heart! to think the tale divine,  
 Why started not my hands when prest in thine?  
 Too well Remembrance paints the fatal hour,  
 When Love, great conqueror, summon'd all his power:

When



When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,  
And your pale lips all trembled with desire;  
Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew;  
From every pore my cold limbs dropp'd a dew:  
When Shame prefaging spoke each future pain, 155  
And struggling Virtue arm'd my soul in vain.  
Ye fatal joys, that once this heart possess;  
Ye scenes unchaste, in endless silence rest.  
O'er each sad thought, let gushing tears prevail,  
And fiery blushes hide the guilty tale. 160

Ah! faithless man, and thou more wretched maid,  
To guilt and grief, and misery betray'd!  
Far flies thy lover; to some distant plain  
Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main.  
Avenging Heaven, that heard the vows he swore, 165  
Bid howl the blackening storm, and thunder roar;  
Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,  
And dash with daring heads th' astonish'd pole.  
Then on some plank, o'er foaming billows born,  
Trembling his perjur'd faith the wretch shall mourn;

But

But mourn in vain: his vigorous arm shall fail;  
 Guilt sink him down, and angry Heaven prevail;  
 His pale cold limbs no friend to earth convey,  
 But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.  
 Yet ah! fond heart — O hear not Powers divine,  
 Nor too propitious think that prayer was mine.  
 Live still, repentant live, my faithless swain;  
 Blow soft, ye winds, and gently flow the main.  
 Go, much-lov'd youth, with every blessing crown'd;  
 Go, and good angels watch thy steps around.  
 Me, to the silent shades and sad retreat,  
 Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,  
 Death woos all-powerful: e'er he parts the clew,  
 Once more thy LAURA bids her Love adieu:  
 Bids thee be all that's lov'd, admir'd, ador'd,  
 With all that health, all affluence can afford:  
 In ease, in mirth, glide each glad hour away;  
 No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day;  
 No sigh to swell, no tear to flow for me:  
 O grant Heaven all, but grant thee constancy.

Ah!



# The COMPLAINT.

17

Ah! world farewell, farewell life's fond desires,  
False flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires.

Already, Death, before my closing eyes

Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise.

Hark! hear I not for me yon passing bell

195

Toll forth with frequent pause its fullen knell?

Waits not for me yon sexton on his spade,

Blithe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made?

Say why in lengthen'd pomp yon sable train,

With measur'd steps, slow stalk along the plain?

200

Say, why yon herse with fading flowers is crown'd,

And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge resound?

Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,

Secure to you my wearied limbs I trust.

Dim burns life's lamp: O death, thy work compleat,

205

And give my soul to gain her last retreat.

Such as before the birth of nature sway'd,

E'er springing light the first great word obey'd,

Let Silence reign ---- Come, Fate, exert thy might;

And darkness wrap me in eternal night.

# POWER of MUSIC.

## An O D E.

**W**HEN from the womb of ancient night,  
And jarring chaos, infant nature sprung,  
The circling spheres harmonious rung;  
While thro' the crystal realms of light  
The beauteous orbs their measured dances led,  
Then from the ocean's watery bed,  
Like a bridegroom drest, the sun  
His course with sprightly footsteps run.  
Then the moon the dance begun;  
And all around her silver throne  
The starry hosts in glittering circles shone.

In



## The POWER of MUSIC.

19

In fair proportion still they move,  
In concert sweet their sounds agree;  
Still music rules their orbs above,  
And all is order, all is harmony. 15  
Hence mortals learnt the power of sound;  
Hence tun'd the vocal strain  
Responsive to the lyre;  
Hence learnt to heal each rankling wound  
Of agonizing pain, 20  
To lull with pleasing love, or rouse with martial fire.

### II.

Musical 'tis thine the heart to cheer,  
Whene'er by woes it sinks oppress'd,  
From Sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,  
And sooth with softest sounds the soul to rest: 25  
When passions loud tumultuous rage  
Disturbs the calm which lull'd the mind,  
Thy gentle strains the storm assuage,  
And smooth the wave, and still the wind.

Sweet enchantress of the heart,  
 When soft thy liquid numbers flow,  
 Frowning Pride doth deign to hear;  
 Rugged Fortune smooths her brow;  
 Coward Guilt forgets to fear.

30

Listening to thy tuneful art,  
 Ambition drops her arms;  
 Care thinks each mighty business o'er;  
 Sickness droops her head no more,  
 And universal nature feels thy charms.

35

Mirth and joy, and smiles arise;  
 So shines the bright ascending orb of day,  
 That drives the clouds of night away,  
 And gilds the smiling earth, and all th' ætherial skies.

40

III.  
 'Twas when the winds were roaring loud,  
 And ocean swell'd his billows high,  
 By savage hands condemn'd to die,  
 Rais'd on the stern the trembling Lesbian flood:

45

All



# THE POWER of MUSIC.

21

All pale he heard the tempest blow,  
As on the watry grave below

He fix'd his weeping eye.

50

Ah! sacred lust of impious gold,

What can thy mighty rage with-hold,

Deaf to the melting powers of harmony?

But e'er the bard unpitied dies,

Again his powerful art he tries,

55

Again he sweeps the strings;

Slowly sad the notes arise,

While thus in plaintive sounds the sweet musician sings:

## IV.

From beneath the coral cave,

Circled with the silver wave,

60

Where with wreaths of emerald crown'd

Ye lead the festive dance around,

Daughters of Nereus, hear, and save.

Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell

With mighty sounds the twisted shell;

65

And

And you, ye sister Syrens, hear,  
 Ever beauteous, ever sweet,  
 Who lull the listening pilot's ear  
 With magic song, and softly-breath'd deceit.  
 By all the gods, who subject roll;  
 From gushing urns their tribute to the main;  
 By him, who bids the winds to roar;  
 By him, whose trident shakes the shore;  
 If e'er for you I raise the sacred strain,  
 When pious mariners your power adore,  
 Daughters of Nereus, hear, and save.

70

75

## V.

He sung, and from the coral wave  
 Circled with the silver wave,  
 With pitying ear

The Nereids hear;

Gently the waters flowing,

The winds now ceas'd their blowing.

80



In silence listening to the tuneful lay,

Around the bark's sea-beaten side

The sacred dolphin play'd,

85

And sportive dash'd the briny tide.

The joyous omen soon the bard survey'd:

Nor fear'd with bolder leap to try the watry way.

On his scaly back now riding,

O'er the curling billow gliding;

90

Again with bold triumphant hand

He bade the notes aspire,

Again to joy attun'd the lyre,

Forgot each danger past, and gain'd secure the land.



## VALETUDINARIAN.

**H**ENCE Disease, and pining Pain,  
With all your pale and ghastly train,

Tossings dire, heart-piercing moans,  
Sighs, and tears, and hollow groans;

That e'er with mortal bliss at strife,

Do mix with gall the sweets of life.

But whether more thou deign'st to dwell

In some low and rural cell;

Haunt'st the brink of tinkling rills,

Flowery vales, and sloping hills;

Or where the plowman turns the soil,

Do'st chear his song, and guide his toil :

Whether



Whether more thou lovest to wear  
 The dress and form of Dian fair,  
 And bid'st thy horns sweet Echo rouze,  
 Slumbering on the mountain's brows:  
 Or perhaps art wont to sport  
 Where the Loves and Smiles resort,  
 Jest, and Mirth, and all the train  
 Of Cytherea's golden reign:  
 Hither, bright Hygeia, fly,  
 With rosy cheek, and sparkling eye;  
 Such as thou do'st oft appear  
 When thy Heberden is near.  
 Bring with thee Content and Pleasure,  
 Moderate Mirth, and useful Leisure.  
 Far be wild Ambition's fires,  
 Wasting Love, and fierce Desires.  
 I ask not Fortune's glittering charms,  
 The pride of courts, the spoils of arms:  
 By silver streams, and haunted grove,  
 O give my peaceful steps to rove.  
 Beneath the shade of pendant hills  
 I'll listen to the falling rills:

D

Then

Then on the flowery carpet green 35  
 I'll sit and trace the rural scene;  
 While by the mimic pencil drawn,  
 The herds shall seem to crop the lawn;  
 The piping swain, the distant towers;  
 The moss-grown, knotted oaks, and bowers, 40  
 As bending to the whispering breeze,  
 Some thatch'd cot rising 'mong the trees;  
 In rude and artless lines design'd,  
 Shall faintly mark the master's mind.  
 Or if soft verse delight us more, 45  
 O grant of verse the wondrous power,  
 That calls up shades of heroes bold,  
 Whose virtues warm'd the times of old;  
 Or which the wandering Fancy leads  
 Through sylvan shades, or magic meads, 50  
 Or gives to truth the tuneful art  
 With moral song to mend the heart.  
 Thus on through Manhood, Youth, and Age,  
 Nor stain'd with guilt, nor rough with rage,  
 In smooth meanders life shall glide, 55  
 And roll a clear and peaceful tide.





On the DEATH of his ROYAL HIGHNESS  
FREDERICK PRINCE of WALES.

'T WAS at the solemn hour when ghosts repair  
To earth, and glide along the midnight air;

When all was hush'd, except a bell, whose toll

Rung the sad knell of some departing soul:

Musing I lay on life's uncertain date,

And the vain glories of this mortal state,

Then sunk to rest; but knew no calm repose,

Still doom'd to scenes of visionary woes.

Along the darken'd isles I seem'd to tread

Where sleep entomb'd BRITANNIA's mighty Dead;

Sudden, the distant, plaintive echoes sound

From vaulted roofs, and hollow tombs around.

Near and more near the doubling voices rise,

And gleaming tapers strike my wondering eyes.

At length an awful train appear'd in view,

All cloth'd in flowing vests of snowy hue:

D 2

While

While mournful sounds the organ's breath inspire,

Responsive pealing to the pausing choir,

Slow, solemn, sad they trod, a tuneful throng,

And swell'd in lengthen'd notes the melancholy song.

20

With ermine robes bedeck'd, and fair array,

Stretch'd on a bier, a form majestic lay.

The pall, with royal arms embroider'd o'er,

Soft as they trod, the garter'd nobles bore.

At each slow step they drop'd a silent tear,

25

And sighing crowds of mourners clos'd the rear.

Methought, as nigh the sad procession drew,

The marble urns all sweat a clammy dew ;

Loud jar the brazen gates, the statues nod,

And awful tremblings rock the dread abode.

30

By time-worn vaults, and mansions of the dead

Pensive I saw the weeping order tread,

Then sigh'd, and 'woke : and now the morning came,

The morning, big with melancholy fame.

Our flowing tears the general loss deplore ;

35

The Friend, the Prince, the Patriot breathes no more.

Weep, Britain, weep, in agonizing woe,

And rend the laurel from thy mournful brow.

Lo,



Lo, where in Death's encircling arms he lies,  
With him thy pride, with him thy glory dies. 40

'Tis thus in vain to tranſient life we truſt,  
And each fair hope falls wither'd in the duſt.

O, if to bear a mild, a generous heart,  
To act each patriot, and each ſocial part,

Fill every ſcene with dignity and eaſe, 45  
In conſcious merit ever ſure to pleaſe;

To be whate'er the great, the good admire,  
The faithful huſband, and the tender fire;

Ardent to gain a nation's juſt applauſe,  
And ever active in the public cauſe: 50

If, BRITONS, theſe can claim the general tear,  
Approach, and pour the grateful tribute here.

Fate, be thy darts at vulgar boſoms hurl'd,  
The ſhame, the reſuſe of a ſelfiſh world;

Mean ſouls, who feel no intereſt but their own 55  
Of wealth, who bow before the golden throne,

Rich in the tears from orphans eyes that flow,  
Great and triumphant in a nation's woe:

But know, dread Power, fair Virtue cannot die,  
She ſcorns the earth, and ſeeks her parent ſky. 60

Urns,

Urns, like their dead, shall moulder into dust,  
 And Time tread down the monumental bust;  
 The Stars must fall, the Heavens be wrap'd in fire,  
 And Death himself by his own shafts expire:  
 Crown'd with immortal youth shall Virtue bloom,  
 Defy the stroke, and triumph o'er the tomb.

Farewel, great Soul; O may thy shade be blest,  
 And Seraphs waft thee to eternal rest.

Farewel, great Soul, till Nature's second birth,  
 Secure we trust thy relicts to the earth.

There, till the trump shall rend th' astonish'd skies,  
 And with loud echoes bid the dead arise,

Sleep undisturb'd, amid that glorious train,  
 Whose honour'd bones yon hallow'd shrines contain;

The laurell'd bard, the philosophic sage,  
 Whoe'er delighted, or inform'd an age.

Warriors, who bled in freedom's glorious cause,  
 Patriots, whose counsels sav'd expiring laws;

Kings, whose good deeds still grateful nations tell,  
 Who liv'd belov'd like thee, like thee lamented fell.



What tho' thy tomb no martial trophy boasts,  
 For ravag'd nations, and for slaughter'd hosts;  
 What tho' no crouching captives frown in stone,  
 And, bound beneath thy Statue, seem to groan;  
 Yet shall, where'er thy peaceful ashes sleep, 85  
 The friends of Britain, and of Freedom weep.  
 Each peaceful Virtue shall thy grave surround,  
 And musing Silence watch the holy ground.  
 There too the Muse her choicest wreaths shall bring,  
 There to thy soul her soothing *requiem* sing; 90  
 There to thy fame with generous labour raise  
 The time-defying pyramid of praise.

But O! if aught departed spirits know,  
 Or heavenly minds are touch'd with things below;  
 If those who erst to loftiest views aspir'd, 95  
 With love of fame, and public virtue fir'd,  
 Yet urge the glorious task, ordain'd to wait  
 Ministrant guardians of a nation's fate,  
 Still as thy Britain's Genius may'st thou stand,  
 And o'er her kingdoms stretch thy saving hand; 100

Far

Far from her shores avert with watchful care  
 The flames of Discord, and the rage of War;  
 Give Peace to rule, give Wealth to bless her plain,  
 And spread her empire o'er th' unbounded main.  
 So may kind Heaven propitious hear our prayers  
 To crown thy Father's life with length of years;  
 And when he late the debt of nature pays,  
 Mature in honours, as mature in days;  
 Then may thy Offspring to the throne arise,  
 And bless like him, like thee, a nation's eyes;  
 With equal footsteps tread the paths of fame,  
 And join the Patriot's to the Monarch's name.  
 Thus long as round BRITANNIA'S sounding shores  
 His hoary waves embracing Ocean pours,  
 Thy fair descendants shall the scepter sway,  
 Shall teach the willing Briton to obey,  
 From age to age a bright succession shine,  
 And Fate and Freedom guard the BRUNSWICK LINE.

F I N I S.